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GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Pioneer Store of the Kootenai Valley. Will continue to carry a well-assorted stock of

Miners' and Ranchers' Supplies

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MEET ALL COMPETITION.

Eaton, Idaho, Near Bonner's Ferry.

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C. S. KENYON & CO., Proprietors.

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Newly opened and fitted up in first-class style. Table supplied with the best the market affords. Furnished rooms.

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—BETWEEN—

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BONNER'S FERRY.

Stages Connect with Steamer at Bonner's Ferry to and from British Columbia.

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Dining Cars Unsurpassed,
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continuous line connecting with all lines, affording direct and uninterrupted service. Pullman sleeper reservations can be secured through any agent of the road.

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To and from all points in America, England and Europe can be purchased at any ticket office of this company. Full information concerning rates, time of trains, routes and other details furnished on application to any agent, or A. D. CHARLTON, Assistant General Passenger Agent, No. 121 First street, corner of Washington, Portland, Or.

TIME TABLE.

The following time card indicates the time of arrival of trains at Kootenai station:

EAST-BOUND.

Atlantic Mail.....9:31 A. M.
Atlantic Express.....2:23 A. M.
Accommodation.....6:05 P. M.

WEST-BOUND.

Pacific Mail.....2:37 A. M.
Pacific Express.....2:10 P. M.
Accommodation.....8:03 A. M.

R. A. MINIELY, Agent,
Kootenai, Idaho.

ACROSS THE DUNES.

Across the moaning ocean sea fogs roll
To kiss once more to life the sun parched hills;
The breakers roar aloud; the fog bells toll;
A lonely sea gull's cry the cold air fills.

Across the sandy dunes where lupins, sweet
With golden glory, storm and wind defy,
And bunch grass waves and tangles 'neath the feet,
A man plods wearily and stops to sigh,

And looks with hungry eyes beyond the haze.
The veil of mist he tries to penetrate.
What secret dream is in that famished gaze?
What yearning burns that soul insatiate?

A solitary house the landscape breaks,
And at its door stands one with sorrow worn.
In solitude she waits for death, and aches
Her heart and soul, with grief and longing torn.

What fate has made their pathways cross again?
And yet, though near, their eyes may never meet.

One step he takes. Ah, God! the cry restrain!
His face is turned away—his steps from her retreat.

She sees him not, nor knows he is so near.
Although her soul is fainting for his touch.
Oh, heartless fate that will not heed nor hear,
At times methinks you ask of us too much!
—West Shore.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

It was a fair evening of early summer and in Florence. The sunset rays lingered lovingly it seemed on the broad valley of the Arno, touching in a rosy kiss the spurs of the Apennines and the hills on its banks. The quiet, too,—for the work of the day was over—lent its charm, impressing in particular a traveler who was walking toward an unpretentious inn not far from the river. The stranger, an Englishman his dress proclaimed him, was pleasant to look at in a way. He was tall and well formed, with very blonde hair and blue eyes, and his features, too, unusually good, but the mouth, which a light mustache almost concealed, was a selfish one when seen without its smile of almost effeminate sweetness. Is it not Dr. Holmes who tells us that God made all the features but the mouth, and we alone are responsible for that?

The hand bag he carried bore the name Paul Courtland, but let us take a cursory glance at the owner's early history and see what has brought him to Florence.

Though ill-starred in being born a younger son in an English family of rank, nevertheless on attaining his majority he came into a goodly fortune left him by a relative for whom he was named. This did not last long. Paul Courtland was weak and in Paris most of the time, but for a while all went well; his winning smile earned him many friends. The men courted his society for his ready wit, and the women, whose hearts he so easily won, pitied his misfortunes. At last, however, the day came when he awoke to the fact that he must work for his daily bread. He was gifted with much talent and an almost insane love for painting, so he concluded to set out for Florence, the cradle and grave of so many of our great masters; there, far away from his old wild life, he would start afresh; the teachings of his dead mother occurred to him and a touch of holy shame crept into his heart. He would reform, and, in fact, he began already to look upon himself in that light; it pleased him from his very novelty.

Arriving there, as we have said, just at dusk, his eye was charmed with the simple grandeur of the city. To the north of the river Arno the reader may remember the picturesque bits of ruin that are standing, remains of once mighty walls. As he approached one of these he paused. Was it the glory of the southern sky that pleased him? Was he dazzled by those wondrous ruby tints? His glance was not toward the heavens, but rested on an Italian girl leaning against the crumbling gray stones. A rarely beautiful face it was, shadowed by the heavy black hair; her lips were slightly parted in a smile, and the warm glow of the sunset lighting up the clear olive skin fairly made him tremble lest this lovely vision should fade away, leaving only the ruin in the background.

Cautiously, almost reverently, Paul Courtland advanced, but still the girl did not move. Across her scarlet peasant dress fell a trailing vine of ivy, and in one little brown hand she held loosely a bunch of drooping water lilies. As the young stranger drew nearer he saw that the child was fast asleep.

"Who is she?" he asked in Italian of a passer by.
"Tis Beatrice Gonzani, our little flower girl. Surely, signor, you have not been in Florence long? Ah, naughty child! see, she has fallen asleep! What will the poor old grandmother be thinking? Beatrice! Beatrice Mia, wake up," and before Courtland could prevent him he had caught her by the arm.

The young man turned away; he wanted to remember the picture as he had first seen it, toned into wondrous harmony by the setting sun. Securing a room at the inn he retired early, not to sleep peacefully, though, but to dream of Beatrice. The artist had found his ideal, he would paint a great work, one that would make him famous not only in Florence but throughout Europe.

Early the next morning he once more directed his steps toward the ruin in the hope of again seeing the beautiful flower girl. Whose fate was it that led him, Beatrice's or his own?

She was in her usual place, and as the artist approached he raised his hat courteously.

"Good morning, signorina," he said in her native tongue, "I have come to buy some of your pretty flowers."

"Thank you, signor, which will you have, roses or lilies?"

"I prefer the lilies, but what is the matter with them, their heads droop?"

"Tis because they are sleeping, signor; when the sun comes out brighter they will open their little golden eyes. See what a fine bunch this is; that in the center I call the queen and the others are paying court to her."

"A pretty idea, Beatrice; I will take the lilies and the roses also; can you not tell me some story about them?"

And so Paul Courtland talked on; it was not the face nor the passionate beauty of the great Italian eyes that

charmed him now; in their place he felt the influence of the low, musical voice and the childlike artlessness of her ways. This was but one of the many visits he paid her; nearly every morning he would meet her at the old ruined wall, and gradually Beatrice began to look for his coming—it made the day seem less long. When at last he asked her to pose as a model for him she did not think of refusing; she was glad to please the signor, who had been so kind to her. He wanted to paint the flower girl as he had first seen her on that summer evening, asleep under a wondrous southern sky. So each morning she would come to his studio for a while, wearing the pretty scarlet peasant dress with some green ivy trailing across the skirt. The young Englishman worked harder than he had ever done before; perhaps the great beauty of his model inspired him, for when the picture that was to bring him fame and fortune stood at last completed the painter felt he could say of his own work that it was good.

"Come here, Beatrice," he said, "and tell what you think of it."

"If you like it, signor, then it pleases me; but what will become of it now that it is all finished? It is really very fine, that picture of ours," and she nodded her head in solemn approval.

He smiled a little at the evident pride she took in "that picture of ours," and then he answered her question.

The world shall have it, Cara Mia, if it pays a good round price, but the little model—she looked so pretty he could not resist saying it—will belong to me," and he held his hand out to her as he spoke.

Trustingly, confidently, the young Italian gave him hers, and Paul Courtland raised it to his lips.

"Very well," he said, "remember you promised," and then, changing his tone, "it is time for you to go now, Beatrice, but first let me give you a present for being such a good child and holding so still."

He went to a cabinet and, taking out a tiny sapphire frame, replaced the portrait it contained of a French lady with one of his own.

"This," and he laughed as he gave it to her, "is a poor exchange for yours. Adio till to-morrow."

"How kind you are, signor. I can never thank you enough," and the dark eyes shone with pleasure as she left the studio.

"It is only the jewels that delight her," he said comfortably to himself as he closed the door, "but she is a dear, good little thing, and I must be careful for her sake as well as my own. How foolish I have been for the last few days. I came to Florence to make my fortune, not to fall in love with the first pretty face I met. Beautiful Beatrice! I would not like to make her unhappy, and she trusts me so. But as yet there's no harm done; she is only a child and cares no more for me than I for her." He felt very noble as he leaned out of the window and called after the retreating figure once more, "Adio." This time, though, he did not add "till to-morrow," but "forever." The flower girl heard the first word only.

The next morning Beatrice went to the ruin at the accustomed hour to sell her lilies. Noon passed and made way for evening, but Paul Courtland did not come. The next day and the next, and finally a whole month, crept by; still her young English lover came not, and the pretty face grew paler as the weeks wore on.

She knew nothing had happened to him, for her sharp eyes had described him once or twice in the distance. Surely he had not tired of her? No! he had told her once that he loved her and he was too noble, too good, to utter a falsehood. Perhaps he had been very busy and had not found time to come; Beatrice caught at this as a last hope.

One sultry afternoon the weary girl slipped in through the open doorway of the grand Cathedral of Florence to find consolation in prayer; tired out with watching and waiting she fell asleep. The mighty peal of the organ at last aroused her, and looking up she saw a wedding was about to be celebrated. The scene was one of joy and brilliance; myriads of candles were burning on the altar in front of which stood a stately lady dressed in the purest white. Beatrice recognized her as the Signorina Rinezza, the richest heiress in all Florence. Beside her was a distinguished looking man, very tall and very fair. Something in his attitude as he stood there struck sudden terror to Beatrice's heart; she tried to dispel the wild fear and leaned forward the better to see his face. Just then the service began, she heard his voice and all doubt was at an end—this was Paul Courtland's wedding day.

With tightly folded hands and a face that was terribly white the flower girl heard the service through, heard the priest pronounce the benediction and then knew no more.

Some hours later a priest might have

been seen walking toward the Arno, wishing, perhaps, to escape from the hum of the noisy city and be free to reflect in peace, lulled by the rippling of the water transformed to gleaming silver in the moonlight. He paused awhile on reaching the banks, everything was so beautiful; he looked long at the stary heavens, and then his gaze wandered to the shining river at his feet. Suddenly he started, and a shiver ran through his frame—on the shore he had discerned something, a woman's form, which the laughing, cruel waves had left there, having tired of their prey. The priest bent down the better to see her face. Through the tangled black hair, falling across her breast, shone a cold blue light as though a tiny star had fallen there from the sky. But it was not a star, it was only a ray of moonlight reflected from a sapphire locket. With a gentle hand he brushed back the hair and looked earnestly at the girl; it was such a serene face, for the passionate eyes were closed forever now, that at first he hesitated as to who it might be. Then in one hand he saw a bunch of lilies—"Yes," he said, "'tis Beatrice Gonzani, our little flower girl. May the good God rest her soul!"—C. E. D. in Telephone.

An Apt Rebuke.

There is a Unitarian clergyman who is not without a power of keen retort, and who is none the less gifted with the grace to command his tongue rather than allow his tongue to command him. He has in his congregation one of those women who make a pretense of frankness an excuse for rudeness, and who are given to boasting that they are plain spoken, when the truth is that they are simply ill bred and insolent. This especial lady is wealthy, and there are not many in the list of her acquaintances who dare rebuke her, albeit they do together console each other for the wounds they suffer from her tongue by abusing her roundly.

It chanced that one evening the lady and the clergyman were partners at whist at the house of a common friend, and so successful were they that they won almost every game for the evening. Like people who are fond of having their own way, the lady was in high humor over the success, and when the play was over she pushed back her chair from the table with the characteristic and graceful remark to her partner:

"You do play a good game of whist, Mr. Blank. If you only preached as well as you play whist it would be a treat to go to church to hear you."

The clergyman was quite equal to the occasion. He kept his temper and his face under perfect control as he replied:

"Thank you, Miss Sharp; but you know anybody can learn to play whist, while genius and good breeding come by grace of God."—Boston Courier.

New Circuit Transfer System.

A system has been designed to meet a new but promising demand for the use of private telephone and telegraph facilities by subscribers whose business with their correspondents at distant points will not warrant the expense of a wire for their own use exclusively. The new system transfers a wire simultaneously at both ends from one pair of subscribers to another every five minutes if desired. The service is divided into segments, and if a subscriber and his correspondent are connected at one segment they can communicate for five minutes each hour by paying the minimum fixed yearly rental for these facilities.

Should they find that their business required ten minutes each hour they could be connected to two adjoining segments, or, if preferred, to one segment on each side of the segment circle, which would enable them to communicate for five minutes every half hour. Other subscribers would have the line for whatever portion of the time they arranged for, the object being to accommodate subscribers with whatever facilities they choose to pay for.—New York Telegram.

How Some Words Were Derived.

A stentorian voice is that of one like the Grecian herald in the Trojan war, whom Homer describes as "great hearted, brazen voiced Stentor, accustomed to shout as loud as fifty other men."

A raglan is a loose overcoat with long sleeves, such as Lord Raglan wore in the Crimean war. Wellingtons are boots named after the Iron Duke. Bluchers are also boots, named after the commander of Wellington's Prussian allies at Waterloo.

Any magnificent tomb is called a mausoleum. Mausolus, the Carian king whose name it bears, had nothing whatever to do with the original except to lie in it when he was dead. The piety of his wife, Artemisia, gave his name to the tomb and immortality to her husband's memory, because the monument she built over his body gave a word to language. The magnolia bears the name of Pierre Magnol, professor of medicine at Montpellier, France, in the Seventeenth century, and Dahl, a Swedish botanist, has his name embalmed in the dahlia.—Harper's Young People.